

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1901, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



"REALLY, LOUISE, THIS BILL IS OUTRAGEOUS. YOU MUSTN'T TRY TO DRESS LIKE THESE MILLIONAIRES' WIVES!"

"MY DEAR NED, CONTROL YOURSELF. I'M ONLY TRYING TO APPEAR AS WELL DRESSED AS THE SHOP GIRLS."

VAN NORDEN TRUST COMPANY

751 FIFTH AVENUE, NEAR 58TH STREET
NEW YORK

Capital and Surplus, \$2,000,000

No. 7

A Letter of Credit issued by Van Norden Trust Company is an introduction to prominent bankers in all parts of the world.

It gives the traveler the advantages of a personal bank account, wherever he may be, and enables him to obtain money, without further introduction or identification, in any amount desired and in the currency of the country visited.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Drafts may be ordered by mail or telephone.

OFFICERS

Warner M. Van Norden, *President* Morton C. Nichols, *Vice-Pres. and Sec'y*
William F. Havemeyer, *Vice-President* Arthur King Wood, *Assistant Secretary*
Edward S. Avery, *Trust Officer*

DIRECTORS

Warner Van Norden Dumont Clarke Thomas P. Fowler
Warner M. Van Norden Henry F. Shoemaker Ernst Thalmann
William F. Havemeyer Benjamin Perkins Charles W. Morse
John H. Flagler Richard L. Edwards Mahlon D. Thatcher
James Talcott John H. Washburn Henry H. Cook
Hon. Cornelius N. Bliss Jonathan B. Currey Henry T. Bronson
John Clafin Arthur A. Fowler

PAY YOUR VACATION EXPENSES

\$3,000 for Photographs

The past quarter century has seen the greatest advancement in photography; it has also included the development of our photographic lenses and shutters until now their number runs into the millions, used in every land and clime. In order to bring together a representative collection of work from this vast array of photographers we have instituted a competition including every class of photography and from the simplest lens on the cheapest camera to the most expensive anastigmat.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.'s LENSES or SHUTTERS

must have been used to make the pictures. That is the only condition. The exhibits will be judged in classes such as Landscape, Portrait, Genre, Instantaneous, Hand Camera large and small, etc., and every one can have an opportunity to compete. It costs nothing to enter: and the most competent and impartial judges will make the awards. If you are buying an outfit see that the lens and shutters are Bausch & Lomb's make.

Special Booklet tells about the Classes and Conditions.

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.

INCORPORATED 1866

New York Rochester, N. Y. Chicago

1824 A.D.

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS



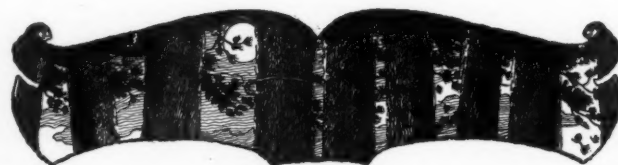
*The World's Best Tonic
Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.*

22
GOLD MEDALS

LONDON 1862
PHILADELPHIA 1876
VIENNA 1873
CHICAGO 1893
LONDON 1886
BUFFALO 1901
PARIS 1867
1878 1900

VICTORY: The Circuit Court of the United States, Northern District of Illinois, in a recent case against A. Bauer & Co., Chicago, Ill., finds that the complainants, **DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS**, are now in fact and in law the owners of the name "Angostura" and have the exclusive right to use the name as a trademark for and in connection with the sale of bitters.

**J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agent,
NEW YORK, N. Y.**



The Pines of Lory

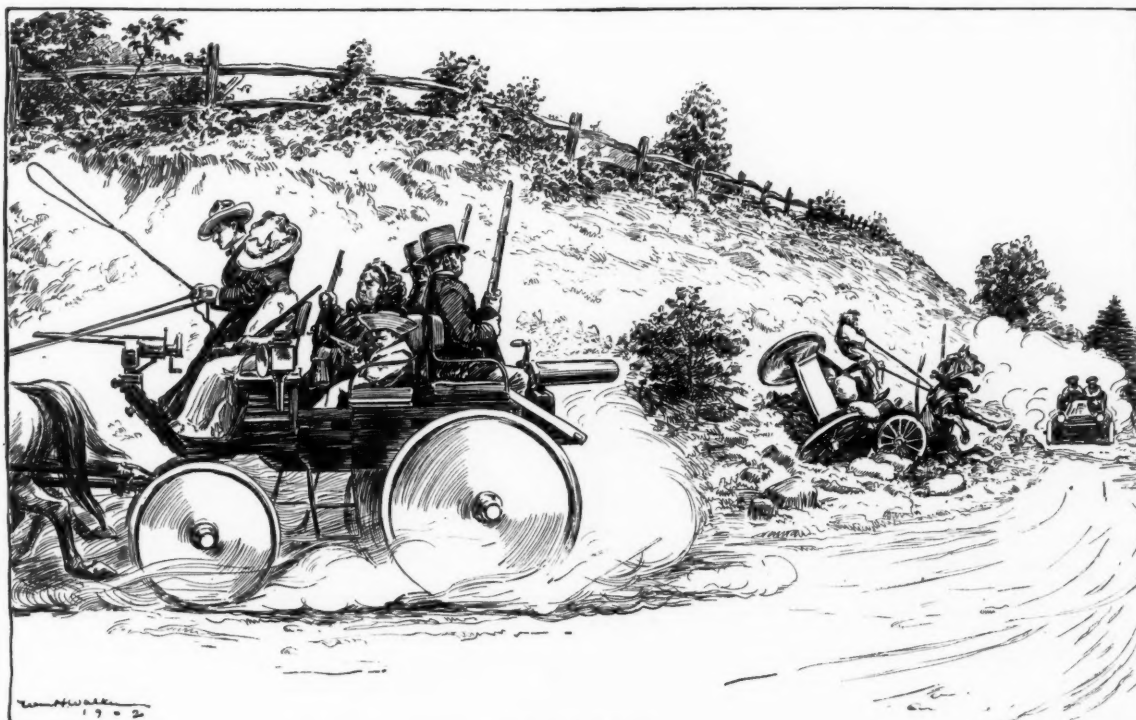


BY J. A. MITCHELL

"As charming as was the same author's
'Amos Judd.'"

— N. Y. Sun.

LIFE



THE LAW FAILING,

THIS WILL BE THE NEXT STEP IF THE AMERICAN FAMILY MEANS TO PROTECT ITSELF.

Unrest.

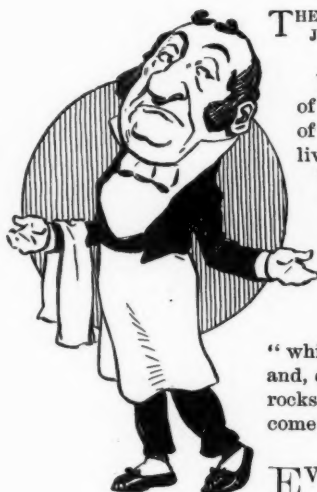
THE Berwinds, the Wideners and the Pembroke-Joneses have had servants' strikes to deal with.
—Newport Letter.

What shall be thought when the spirit of industrial unrest invades the sanctity of our best homes, and hits us where we live summers?

Where are Senator Hanna, Archbishop Ireland and Mr. Straus, that the differences of capital and labor are suffered to come to this?

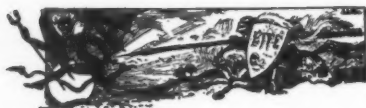
"OH, Miss Walker," said a little four-year-old to her governess, "while you were away we had a Fourth, and, do you know, the naughty boys threw rocks up into the sky and made the stars come down."

EVERY truth we welcome is the harbinger of higher truth to come.



VAIN REGRETS.

A PRIAR WHO PICKED UP A HORNET COULD ONLY SAY, "GRACIOUS!" AND "DURN IT!"
OH, THE PITY," HE MUSED,
"THAT WHEN YOUNG I REFUSED,
WHEN I HEARD A GOOD CUSS-WORD, TO LEARN IT!"



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XL. AUGUST 14, 1902. No. 1033.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



THEY have found the bones of a man who lived in Kansas about sixty thousand years ago. He had no tail; his skull is just about like our skulls, and what is left of his bones shows him to have been about our size. Kansas was a little different in his day. Mastodons, giant sloths, and many other animals now extinct flourished there, besides elephants, camels, tigers, wolves and lots more. Kansas had not come out for prohibition at that time, but even then it seems to have been a trying region to live in, and this early settler, whose relics have turned up, seems to have been drowned in a river. He lived near Lansing—at least he was found near there by two farmers who were digging a tunnel for fruit storage on their farm. They found him twenty-three feet under ground and seventy-two feet from the tunnel's mouth. Apparently nothing is thought in Kansas of digging tunnels into the hills for storage, but then the Kansans are a peculiar people. Scientists have applied the Sherlock

Holmes method of investigation to the early Kansan, and pronounce him to have belonged to the Champlain era, which followed the Glacial era. No satisfactory set of human remains of this era has ever before been discovered, though arrowheads and rude corkscrews have come down from as far back as the Glacial epoch, proving the existence of man in that age and indicating predatory and convivial dispositions.

Perhaps these Kansas bones are not more than thirty thousand years old, for dates grow more and more hypothetical the farther back you put them, but they are mighty primitive, and it is a good thing they were turned up just now, when they can help us to feel that, after all, those Missouri Democrats who lately endorsed sixteen to one are not the most backward human relics on earth. The bones indicate too that Kansans are holding their own so far as one can judge.



PUBLIC anxiety about the future of the Rockefeller and Rothschild families was a good deal alleviated for a time by persistent reports that they and the representatives of the Nobel properties had formed an alliance for their mutual profit and protection in the oil business. Denial of these reports has, however, been so positive as to leave in many minds a feeling of uncertainty as to how the Rothschilds and Rockefellers will come out if Mr. Morgan should conclude to divide the earth with Mr. Gates. Concern about the Rockefellers is less acute than, perhaps, it would be, if the members of the family had not, as a rule, kept up the habits of industry and thrift to which they owe much of their prosperity.

As for Mr. Gates, he is having so much fun nowadays that nobody seems to feel constrained to lose sleep in worrying about his future in this world. When he isn't making money he is losing it, and he seems to enjoy himself both ways. For a man of so large and cheerful a spirit no prospect which does not involve dyspepsia can seem especially fearsome.

Let us hope it is true, as reported, that Mr. Gates has expressed willingness to invest rather heavily in a Tennessee doctor's flying machine. One of the natural, and sometimes profitable, uses of easy-come money, is to test inventions and enterprises that conservative investors will not meddle with.



THE easy-come money does not always come as easy as appears. Even the profits of successful speculation shrink considerably when there has been deducted from them not only the losses from other speculations by the same hand, but the value of the time and the thought that the operation has engrossed. The amateur speculator, who has not only risked his money but put in his spare time for weeks together in following the stock reports and musing on the market, may think, if he finally lands a profit, that he is getting something for nothing. The chances are that his reckoning is somewhat out, and that his gains are by no means so cheap as he supposes. Is there not a certain amount of spiritual impairment to be counted in and some weakening of self-reliance? Moreover, a workingman's spare time and the thoughts he thinks in it are valuable. It is an expense to him to have his mind turn to stocks when he wakes up in the morning. It is in his spare time that he gets ideas. The result of the automatic action of his mind is important to him, and if the mind when released from actual work immediately reverts to the chances of speculation, its value to him in his business or profession is considerably lessened.

And then there are the nerves! When the nerves give out the man gives out for the time being. There are very large and important properties in this country just now whereof the common stocks represent chiefly the nervous force of their originators. It is uncertain sort of capital, but such as it is it has been pretty well paid in. If Mr. Schwab's nerves have been shaking, as we have heard, he must have plenty of company.



Venus: I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN COME TO DINNER; OUR NEW SANDALS ARE NOT HERE.
Mercury: OH, WELL, NO ONE IS EXPECTED TO "DRESS."

Life's Esteemed Contemporaries.

IF YOU CAN'T GUESS WHO THEY ARE, LOOK ON PAGE 140.



9.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,438.36
J. J. Astor.....	100.00
L. L.	15.00
L. G. B.	5.00
J. D. W.	10.00
Mrs. R. F. E.	6.00
F. S. W.	10.00
M. E. F.	1.00
C. G. B.	15.00
Chas. Warren and Wm. Church.....	25.00
Island Dramatic Club.....	3.00
H. K. H.	50.00
Cash.....	20.00
G. F. C.	25.00
Henrietta Crosman.....	15.25
W. H. C.	10.00
Charles Josslyn.....	10.00
C. E. J.	15.00
Bessie, Molly, Ned and George.....	20.00
	\$5,793.61

SWINGING, playing ball, climbing trees and running races are very hard on clothes. One sorrow of our two hundred little guests is that their garments frequently succumb. At the end of the fortnight their wardrobes, never too ample, are practically things of the past.

Any simple garments for young children, sent to LIFE's Farm, Branchville, Conn., would be a most welcome donation.



10.

SOME POSTAL CARDS FROM LIFE'S FARM.

June 20th., 1902
We had 15 miles ride in a wagon. And we got here at 8 P. M. We will be home 1 August 1902. And all the apples are not ripe. We are at lifes farm Branchville conn. And get all we want to eat. And there lots of swings out here.

Charles.

July 20, 1902.
We got here safely and we have a good time. We swim in an little pond. If we want apple we could have all we want. We were in a boat car and train and when we got out of the train we were in eight wagons. Your friend

Albert

CONN Sun July 20/02

DEAR GRANDFATHER,
We had plenty of fun, and had plenty apples and we had a parade yesterday night.
Your son

Joseph.



WE are glad to see another John Henry booklet by Hugh McHugh. *It's Up to You* is as slangy as its predecessors and quite as unworthy of being read by anyone who has ever visited Boston. But some of it is very funny. (G. W. Dillingham Company. 75c.)

Compared to other European countries



11.



12.



13.

Spain is *terra incognita* to most Americans, which renders *Spanish Life in Town and Country* of especial interest to readers of the series upon Our European Neighbors. The book is pleasantly written by Louis Higgin. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20.)

A volume, the usefulness and importance of which can hardly be overstated, is *A Bibliographical Guide to the Literature of American History*, issued by the American Library Association and edited by J. N. Larned. It contains summaries and valuations of over four thousand books,



AT LIFE'S FARM
THE GIRLS TAKE A WALK.



THE DOWNFALL OF MR. HIPPI.

Mr. Hipp (closing the transom): IF I EXPECT TO SPEND A PLEASANT SUMMER HERE, I DON'T WANT TO DISTURB ANY ONE WITH MY SNORING, SO I GUESS—

with full index and advice to students and librarians, and is the result of the collaboration of most of the eminent authorities of the country. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$6.00.)

Mr. Herbert K. Job is one of the many sportsmen for whom the camera has become mightier than the gun, and he declares his photographic bird trophies are dearer to him than any that ever fell to his breechloader. In a profusely illustrated volume, *Among the Water Fowl*, he summarizes the results of many years of bloodless sport upon marsh and seacoast. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.35.)

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's novel, *Margaret Vincent*, is a readable story of rather conventional type. The scene is in England, and the quiet but effective differentiation of some half dozen characters give the volume a place among acceptable summer books. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Life at West Point, by H. Irving Hancock, falls under the head of what may be called sugar-coated information. Mr. Hancock is a war correspondent, he has a good style, and both his opportunities for observation and his statistics are vouched for by Colonel Mills, Superintendent of the Academy. The book contains a short history of the school and a thorough exposition of its present methods. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Judith's Garden, by Mary E. Stone Bassett, is a belated member of that company led by Elizabeth of German fame, and shows more delicate sympathy with flowers and trees and skies than originality. It strongly resembles *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife*, but lacks that volume's cleverness. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

Weak.

LEONARD WOOD, four years ago, went to Cuba. He has served there ever since, has rendered services to that country of the kind which, performed three thousand years ago, would have made him a hero, mixed up with the sun-god in various ways.—President Roosevelt's Harvard Address.

Our civilization is certainly weak in not providing for apotheosis, in cases. It is depressing to think how much more adequately they recognized great deeds three thousand years ago.

The understanding seems to be that the Hanna wing is for committing the party unreservedly to Christianity and

humanity. But would not a dash of paganism put us in a better position to deal with emergencies like the present?

Decorations.

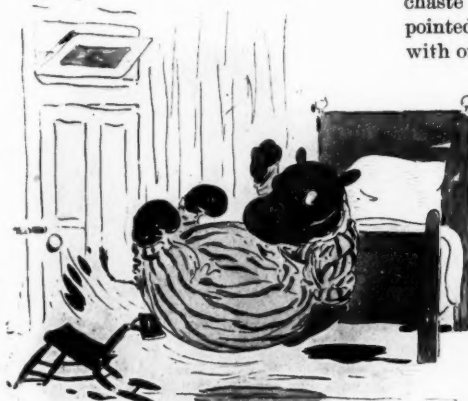
IT appears that three hundred Americans have been decorated in recognition of the part they took in entertaining Prince Henry. Just what all these decorations are has not been fully explained, but friends of Admiral Evans are confident that he will be frescoed, while Wall Street is full of the rumor that a Greek frieze has been decided on for each of the captains of industry. The report that the President will be decorated in stucco is not credited in Washington. Something chaste and simple in kalsomine, it is pointed out, would be more in keeping with our democratic traditions.

Invention.

PICOLA GUESSLA, the eminent inventor, is working on the problem of cheapening the automobile. In fact, Mr. Guessla has found it necessary to call in reporters twice already.

Mr. Guessla is about to discover that by crossing a \$700 tonneau with a \$48 shotgun, a machine having the killing qualities of both is produced, at a cost of \$150.

Mr. Guessla is confident that it will hereafter be cheaper to ride than to walk, assuming the cost of funerals to be at least \$100 each.



"OUCH!"



HE AROUSES A SLEEPING COUPLE BELOW HIM, AND—

To the Heiress.

'TIS not thy beauty makes me sue;
I never did just care
For eyes 'tween shades of green and blue,
And Turner-sunset hair.

And yet my passion is sincere,
My love is ever bold,
And to the test it rings as clear
As newly-minted gold.

But hadst thou not the Midas-touch,
The thing would be a bore,—
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not millions more.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

Concession.

SOME will argue that the revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith should be made specifically retro-active. Revision (such is likely to be their contention) is all very nice for babies who are yet to die, but how about babies who have died during the two hundred and fifty years since the original confession was framed?

These persons do not rightly estimate the practical difficulties. Something had to be conceded to the conservative sentiment.

Kickers' and Anti-Kickers' Column.

DEAR LIFE: Your brilliant paper has done such excellent work against our criminal invasion of the Philippine Republic, that I cannot understand its editorial commendation of Roosevelt, Root and Taft. If this war is a national crime, these are the foremost criminals. If the slaughter of Filipino patriots is murder, Theodore Roosevelt is the most responsible of the murderers. How can these men be "good," in the words of your editorial of yesterday, while they willingly carry out a policy too bad for proper naming? Yours wonderinglly,

FRANK STEPHENS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 9, 1902.

It gives us pleasure to yield to the wishes of the writer of the following. One courtesy deserves another:

THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Sir: As you seem disposed to publish letters from admiring readers, perhaps you may find space for this one. The indecent caricature on page 445 is particularly apt and LIFE-like at this time when

King Edward is lying, perhaps, at the point of death, but your atrocious cartoon on the cover is even more offensive and mortifying to me as an American.

The United States Army is too glorious to be harmed by all the sneaks and mud-slingers from Maine to San Francisco, and the men who have fought and died to make it so will be honored and loved by the nation long after you and your wretched paper have ceased to be remembered, even in the contempt and disgust with which you are regarded by every right-minded American.

For very many years LIFE was never missing from my drawing-room table, but since it joined the ranks of the gutter press by its outrageous abuse of the Government and the army and its shameful caricature of those so universally respected as the late Queen Victoria and President McKinley, I would no more admit it to my house than I would the New York Journal. It is a pity that any misguided man should bring it over here, even to wrap up his boots in.

W. C. Scott.

WINDERMERE, June 30, 1902.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: Your publication has taken its place as the leading reform paper of the day; exceptionally efficacious for good in that it is not avowedly for that hackneyed thing, Reform, and that its constituency is not of the class that is prone to follow the leadership of professional reformers. You have a distinct advantage over the fellows whose hearers are limited to those who already think as they themselves do, and who scold like the schoolmaster did his few pupils, because there were not more of them. One, high in authority, is reported to have said that no one ever took Mark Twain seriously. He indeed must be a person sitting in darkness who really believes that LIFE is not taken seriously. The communications which you publish prove conclusively that what you say is taken very seriously.

But in the far-reaching influence which your editorials and caricatures have exerted against imperialism you have not honored—on the contrary you have sought to dishonor—him who most strongly has combated the evil spirit of imperialism in the United States. The world is coming to realize, as Goldwin Smith shows plainly in his "Commonwealth or Empire," that the issue in our last Presidential campaign was Commonwealth versus Empire; yet you, logically on Mr. Bryan's side, were against him, and now speak, inferentially, of anti-imperialism as "one of the delusions which he fastened upon the Democratic party." You have won deserved admiration for the stand which you, in spite of environment and constituency, have taken against imperialism. Now be consistent, be fair to Mr. Bryan!

Very truly yours,

Henry Ware Allen.

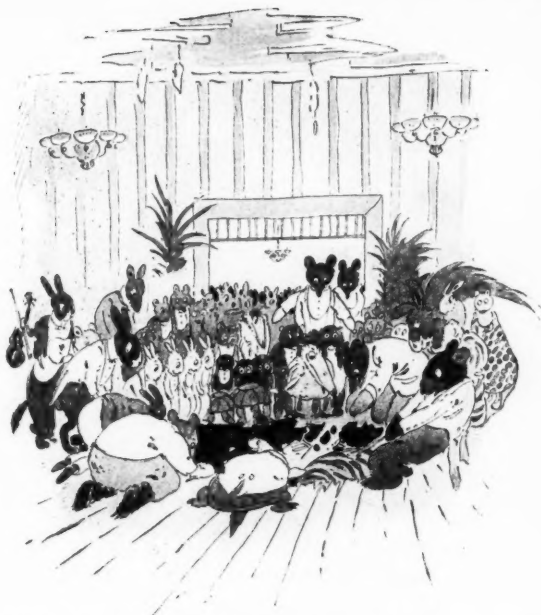
EL PASO, TEXAS, July 19, 1902.



OPENS A JACKPOT, AND AFTERWARDS BECOMES AN UNINVITED



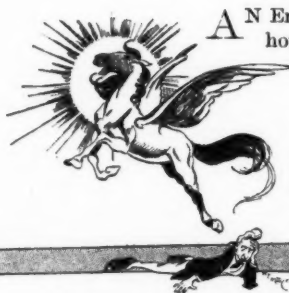
GUEST AT A DINNER PARTY.—



FINALLY CAUSING NO END OF A SENSATION IN THE BALLROOM BEFORE THE BASEMENT IS REACHED.

Life's Dictionary of International Biography.

ALFRED AUSTIN.



AN English trochaic, iambic, heroic and hot air poet, deadly rival of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Laura Jean Libby, and all around ode maker to the King.

This gentleman was born at the rear entrance to Westminster Abbey about fifty years ago. All the Muses were present, and when they heard the sad news, they sent for ambulances and were carried to a

sanitarium, where they have been ever since.

As a boy, Mr. Austin early evinced the remarkable talent which later on began to receive favorable notices from *The Ladies' Home Journal* and the puzzle editor of *Punch*. At twelve years of age, in common with all geniuses, he became convinced of his own future greatness, and composed for the world the following lines to show his own confidence in his destiny:

There was an old grandee of Spain
Who constantly grinned while in pain.
These lines, doncherknow,
Are merely to show
I can write in a humorous vein.

Recognition came slowly, but surely, and when Tennyson died, it became evident that Mr. Austin was the worst man for the place, Algernon Swinburne's sense of humor being in total collapse.

It can confidently be asserted that Mr. Austin is the only



NEXT MORNING.

Mr. Hipp (leaving the hotel): I GUESS I'LL DROP THIS IDEA OF LIVING IN SUMMER HOTELS.

genuine humorist in the British Empire, Hall Caine being too far away and Joe Choate not being naturalized. He spends most of his time between the King's chambers and the houses of Parliament and carries with him a case of instruments to be ready for any international emergency.

It was Shakespeare's privilege to make people weep. Mr. Austin does better. He makes the world smile—and sometimes swear.

It is said that in another century no poetry will be written. It will be seen from this that Mr. Austin is a hundred years ahead of his time.

As poet laureate, he has achieved a remarkable success in binding together the two great Anglo-Saxon branches of humanity. Whenever he has written an ode, we have all felt drawn together by a common sorrow.

Mr. Austin's favorite occupation is reading the works of J. Gordon Coogler, feeding his Pegasus on thistles, and making goo-goo eyes at Kipling. Principal works: "Metres I Have Smiled With," "The Descent from Tennyson to Me," etc.

Tom Marston.

Kings.

THAT the emotional masses will be more or less swelled by Mr. Morgan's cordial reception at the courts of European monarchs, is perhaps inevitable; but the hope may reasonably be indulged that we shall not afford such exterior evidences of elation as to derogate from our national dignity.

We are a great people; as such we have a right to expect our king to trot in the king class; it is distinctly beneath us to act very tickled when other peoples' kings treat him as an equal.



Copyright, 1902, by Life Publishing Co.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.



Caine the Uncanny.

Oh! May I reach some haven,
Some happy shining coast,
Where John Storm raves no longer,
And Glory Quayle's on toast.

THERE was the sound of the sea sobbing on the beach; there was a dim twilight, and there was Mr. Hall Caine, himself. Suddenly he took from his desk a photograph which he graciously extended to me, saying:

"This is the very latest."

The Manx cat arose from the rug and glared fiercely at me. Did the cat take fits? Was there a dungeon beneath the library into which those who did not love the brand of Caine would be lowered, to find death beneath a pile of manuscript? Cousin Mary was right in declaring that it was a most unhealthy pastime to go lion-hunting in darkest England.

I felt constrained to ask the gentleman when his next work would be published.

"That I can hardly tell. I do not intend to fall below the level of 'The Eternal City.'"

"I should hope not."

"I am told that the book has delighted His Holiness. He has read it twice."

"Yes. The papers said yesterday that he is very weak, indeed—barely alive." I shivered at my malapropriety, but Mr. Caine continued, with a far-away look in his right eye:

"It must be a great consolation to him to know that the master-mind of England has chosen Rome as the scene of one of the best-selling novels of the year."

"Of course, Rome has appeared in literature before"—

"But not with my peculiar treatment."

"Oh, no! There is no other writer who would—that is, could—do it. • You are somewhat of an authority on socialism, are you not, Mr. Caine?"

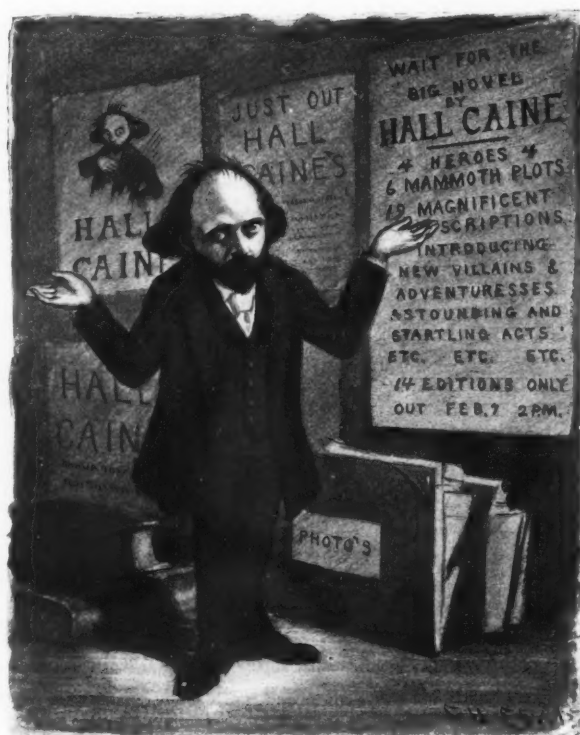
"It was my favorite recreation during a week I spent in Chicago some years ago. Bombs and things of that kind are so convenient, when one is preparing to send the hero from a world that is not worthy of him. I really don't know what I should have done with John Storm if I hadn't been in a position to deal him a violent death."

"The very best thing you could have done with him. He was married in large capitals at the end of the book, wasn't he?"

"Well, he had to go out with a bang, you know. When one feels intensely all the misery, the hopelessness of this depraved world, and endeavors to wind up the affairs of a crazy philanthropist and a music hall lady, at the same time, it is sure to tell on the nervous system."

"A cup of bovril is an excellent thing."

"For purely material natures, perhaps. But I find that the only thing that soothes me, when I think of the dreadful inequality between the rich and the poor, is a cheque for twenty thousand pounds. After that, I am



"I flatter myself that I know how to advertise."

able to get a little sleep, and then I brace myself for another socialist hero."

"You seem rather fond of introducing prominent politicians."

"Yes, I work on the principle—when in doubt, play a prime minister. It gives a certain flavor to the thing."

"But it must worry the prime minister."

"Men who hold such offices must expect to be used as a warning."

"Miss Quayle was a sprightly person."

"Ah! Glory had, indeed, a vivid exaltation that sprang from—that sprang from"—

"Exactly. I think she was just too charming. Of course, it was a little strange to have a cast in one of her eyes, and to put her feet in constant motion. Her letters were most original."

"Yes. I had a little help with them from my friend Henley, who is superintendent of a lunatic asylum. One of the women in his charge died and left a packet of letters that she had written in her most lurid moments. They were the very thing, and I added a little of my own work as a finishing touch."

"This is a rather startling lady whom you've introduced in 'The Eternal City,' isn't she?"

"Oh, I could have made her even more exciting. There is always the British matron to be considered."

"Yes, she occupies a large place in the public eye, and



England doesn't expect every man to have a sense of humor, but it really isn't fair of you to plunge us into such depths of gloom. Jeremiah and the Book of Job are rather similar to your work in spirit, though in literary elevation there is a difference."

"Yes, they were hardly up to my methods. There is a lack of local color, and yet a good deal might have been made out of Palestine. But it is time for my daily reading from the Maux." And he slowly faded away, while the sea wept more bitterly along the strand. J. G.

"TALK about nerve!"
"How now?"

"Why, the hotel I was staying at burned down, and the next day I got a bill for a fire in my room."

"BASE-BORN WRETCH, UNHAND THAT WOMAN! AND THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE THE WORST THRASHING OF YOUR LIFE."

"THAT I SHALL, NOBLE KNIGHT, UNLESS YOU'LL KINDLY HOLD HER TILL I GET AWAY."

in the church pew. Still, we appreciated Glory, and she, you know, was just a little"—

"Not nearly so much as I should have liked. Some day I hope to give the world a novel containing my ideal woman."

"Will she be of the Glory or the Mona order?"

"Very much Glorified."

"Then your next young person will not be the torment of a philanthropic young man, or a danger signal to politicians, but a golf girl."

"I think," said Mr. Caine, dreamily, "that she will combine slumming and sparring."

"O the blessed public!" I sighed softly.

"Yes, the public doubtless is waiting for a revelation of that kind. I have taught it to expect things from me."

"You have, indeed!"

"And I flatter myself that I know how to advertise."

"Pears' soap isn't to be compared with you in the matter of advertisement. Of course, cleanliness is another story."

"You know that I have really made the Isle of Man for tourist trade."

"Poor little Man! Its size might have protected it."

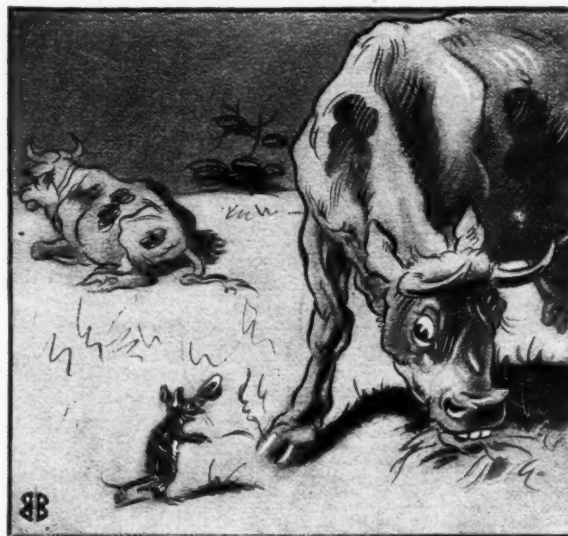
"There is no doubt that it has received the Hall-mark of my genius. But hereafter I shall require a broader field."

"But couldn't you introduce a little cheerfulness?"

MRS. DIMPLETON: Why don't you get your life insured?

DIMPLETON: What's the use? I'm well enough, and I'll probably outlive you.

"Well, you always did look on the dark side."



The Field Mouse: EXCUSE ME, MADAM; BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF MY FRONT DOOR? MY WIFE WANTS TO COME OUT.



Don't succumb to grim despair,
But remember, when you're glum,
That the hardest things to bear
Are the things that never come.

— Samuel Scott Stinson.

Words.



FEW weeks ago a caller at the house of a friend of the "Hoosier Poet" heard a fragment of conversation between a visitor and James Whitcomb Riley, who had been talking of how poorly paid was the profession of literature. "But, Mr. Riley," she said, "surely you have no cause for complaining. You must be a very rich man. I understand that you get a dollar a word for all you write."

"Ye-e-es, madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl, "but sometimes I sit all day and can't think of a d—n word!"

THE PASSER-BY: My little son, your heavenly father does not want you to work in the garden on Sunday. He wants you in Sunday school.

THE BOY: But my earthly father wants me to dig bait.

Printers' Ink says: The earnest conviction with which LIFE caricatures, abuses and denounces the death-dealing automobile is equalled only by the earnest conviction with which the automobile advertisers use its space. The abiding faith with which pages are used goes far to verify Elbert Hubbard's belief that the "roast" ultimately has tenfold the advertising value of the "boost."

Well, who knows?



LIBERTY TAKES A NIGHT OFF.



Gamblers.

FLUNG on the whirling cosmic wheel,
This great green sphere spins out the game

Through alternating night and flame,
Reckless of what the players feel.

Eager, each change of luck they mark,
With curse or prayer, or grin or smile,
And win or lose a little while,
And then go back into the dark.

And some lose all, dead broke and blank;
Most hedge, some plunge to make or break,

And some win wild on every stake,
But none will ever break the bank.
By their drawn brows and quivering lips,
As their stacks slowly grow or shrink,
The Looker-On might almost think
They played for money, not for chips.

And one vague dread without a name,
Shadows on everybody here—

By what back stairs can we get clear,
Should the Powers come to raid the game?

Frank Lillie Pollock.

Letters.

NEW YORK, we read, has a litterateur who writes six hundred and sixty thousand words in seven months; Philadelphia a litterateur who in an equal period puts four hundred and forty-three thousand five hundred words on paper.

Chicago and Indianapolis also ran, presumably, but seem to have been distanced.

It is understood that Boston declined to enter because the rules of the race specified that a word is a word, regardless of length, breadth and depth.

One thing seems to be settled; the literary and commercial centers of these United States are substantially coincident.

IT isn't climbing the ladder of fame that makes one dizzy, so much as it's the looking down.

FIRST ENGLISH LORD: Did you propose to Miss Porkpacker?

SECOND ENGLISH LORD: No. To her father. I hate to have any business dealings with a woman.

LIFE'S ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES.
See page 132.

9. PUBLIC OPINION.
10. HARPER'S.
11. PUNCH.
12. THE CENTURY.
13. THE HERALD.



FROM HER POINT.

"DO YOU THINK I AM AS GOOD-LOOKING AS I WAS, PAPA?"

"WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE, MY DEAR, IF YOUR CHARACTER IS SPOTLESS?"

"BUT, PAPA, THERE IS SOMETHING HIGHER IN LIFE THAN THE MERE ACQUISITION OF CHARACTER."



MARRIED, near Cornwall, Miss Jane Weeks, to Mr. Thomas Day.

"A Day is gained,
A Week is lost—
But time cannot complain;
For soon there will
Be Days enough—
To make a Week again."

—Schoolmaster.

A JOVIAL-LOOKING man on a Jersey City-to-Pittsburg train drank frequently and deeply from a quart bottle, which he courteously offered before each swig to his fellow-passengers, one of whom, an ascetic-looking man, refused the bottle with scorn, and eventually delivered a lecture on temperance, ending with:

"You take awful chances in clouding your brain with alcohol. When you again come into possession of your normal senses, you may be in the gutter, you may be in prison, you may be in eternal punishment!"

After the berths had been made up for the night, the jovial one staggered down the aisle, pulled aside the flap of that occupied by the lecturer, and asked:

"Where yoush goin', ol' fel'r?"

"Pittsburg"—this severely.

"Yoush didn't tip p-p-porter."

"I never do. It's a bad practice."

"You take awful chances, ol' fel'r, in losin' your wits not tippin' porter. When you wake up, yoush may be in Pittsburg, yoush may be in Fort Wayne, yoush may be in Chi—Chicago!"—*Philadelphia Times*.

"AND the voltaic current," continued the lecturer, "was the discovery of Volta, and its development is a comparatively recent achievement of science."

A still, small individual hoisted himself to a chair in the rear of the hall.

"Hold on there, Professor! What about the earlier discoveries of Noah?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Then brush up! Didn't Noah make the ark light on Mount Ararat?"—*Baltimore News*.

A JOINT committee of the recent session of the Louisiana Legislature visited the State penal farms at Angola and Hope, for the purpose of reporting on the work done by the Board of Control. The members of the committee spent some time talking with the negro convicts, and presently one of the negroes recognized a member of the committee, who is a rising young lawyer, not a thousand miles from New Iberia.

"You know Mr. B——?" inquired one of the gentlemen.

"Yaas, sah, I knows Mr. B—— well. He's de one dun sent me heah," replied the dorky, with a grin spread all over his face.

The gentleman had not heard of Mr. B—— officiating as a prosecuting attorney, and wanted to know how he came to send the convict there.

"He wuz mah lawyer, sah."

Mr. B—— acknowledged that the drinks were on him, provided the incident did not get any further.

—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE *Inter-Mountain* is in receipt of the following five-line epic from Alaska:

Up in Nome;
Tired, busted
And disgusted,
And a million
Miles from home.

—*Butte Inter-Mountain*.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER, the American Minister to France, says that when he departed for his post five years ago, his parting words to Mark Twain, as he was about to board the steamer for the other side, were:

"Mark, may the Lord be with you."

"Yes," the humorist replied, with a slight cough, "and I hope He may occasionally find a leisure moment to pay some attention to you also."—*Argonaut*.

THE white-robed nurses quietly busied themselves at the patient's bedside. He was plainly breathing his last.

"Have you anything to say?" tenderly asked the attending physician.

"Nothing—nothing!" gasped the dying man. "It is only this regret—this remorse—this terrible blow to my self-respect!"

He breathed now in a labored manner, and they bent lower to hear his story divulged.

"Oh!" wailed the unfortunate; "to think—to think—that I have smashed all the anti-speed laws in Christendom against automobiles, and then—and then—to be run over by an ice wagon!"

It was too much, and he gave up the ghost in mortal agony.—*Baltimore News*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Broom's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.

WILSON

WHISKEY.

That's All!

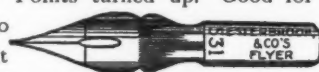
THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

"THE NAME IS EVERYTHING."

Esterbrook

on a pen is an absolute
guarantee of its excellence

Flyer No. 531. Points turned up. Good for writing on rough paper. Over 150 varieties of other styles to suit every purpose. All stationers have them. Accept no substitute.



THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,

Works, Camden, N. J.

26 John Street, N. Y.

A Growing Rock

THE PRUDENTIAL

ENORMOUS GAINS IN AMOUNT
OF LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE



20th CENTURY LIMITED—20-Hour Train to Chicago.—New York Central & Lake Shore.

No better Turkish Cigarette
can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

THE MOST
FASHIONABLE PERFUME

ASK FOR "9-11" EAU DE COLOGNE
Johann Maria Farina
Sternengasse 9-11 in Köln

VERY FASCINATING AND INVIGORATING
USED BY ALL ROYAL FAMILIES IN EUROPE
FOR SALE BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS ONLY
IMPORT OFFICE, 1-3 ANN ST. NEW YORK.

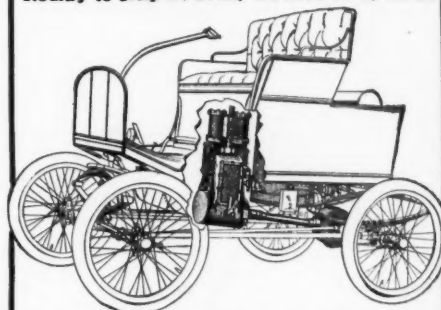
THE
FAVORITE

Apollinaris

THE QUEEN
OF TABLE WATERS.

The Century Roadster \$750

Ready to ship F. O. B., SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Has the features that have proved the Century
Steamers the best in the world.

Notice the direct shaft drive, engine and gear dust proof
and run in oil. No torch, no trouble.

Write for particulars.

Century Motor Vehicle Co., Syracuse, N. Y.



CHEW
BEE MAN'S
THE ORIGINAL
PEPSIN
GUM

Cures Indigestion
and Seasickness.

All Others are Imitations.

WHY not subscribe to LIFE during the
Summer? Have it sent to your summer
address three months for \$1.25. Foreign
postage 2 cents a copy extra.

Address changed as often as desired if notice
is received two weeks in advance.

POMPEIAN

Massage Cream

A GREAT improvement
on face powders, pro-
ducing a clear, soft, beauti-
ful complexion without
shine. Contains no grease
or glycerine. Soothes tan
and sunburn; removes im-
purities that gather in the
pores of the skin. It is
harmless. Send for tasteful
booklet, free.



Price, 50 cents or \$1.00 a Jar.



For sale by
druggists and
all dealers in
toilet articles

If not at your
dealer's, send
his name and
we will send
postpaid either
or both articles
on receipt of
price.

Rubber
Complexion
Bulb Price
50c.



POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 1070 Pearl St., Cleveland, O.

Your name here?

21 STICKS FOR 10¢

POST-PAID TO ANY ADDRESS
OR AT YOUR GROCERS

WAX

F.P.C.

E.P.C. ironing WAX is chemi-
cally prepared keeps the
irons clean and smooth
and imparts a beautiful
silky finish to fabrics.
Retains its shape & will
out-last any other wax

FLAME PROOF CO.
NEW YORK

OLD CROW RYE A STRAIGHT **WHISKEY**

H. B. KIRK & CO.,
SOLE BOTTLEERS, NEW YORK.



"Is Mr. Fusse much afraid of microbes?"
 "Well, I should say; he washes the antiseptic gauze gloves he wears in an antiseptic fluid before he even handles the sterilized glass that contains the boiled and filtered mineral water he intends to drink!"—*Baltimore Herald*.

ELECTRIC-LIGHTED TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA.

The "Overland Limited" via Chicago and North-Western, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific Railways has electric reading lamps in every berth; long distance telephone service, buffet-library cars (with barber and bath), compartment observation cars, and dining cars. All agents sell tickets via this route.

"I'm very glad to tell you, Mrs. Hodges, that your husband will recover, after all."

"Lord, sir, don't say that!"

"Why not, you unnatural woman?"

"Well, you see, sir, after I'd sent for you, sir, I took an' sold all his clothes!"—*The Sketch*.

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass and let the vintage be *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne*.

"Young man, won't you come to our meeting in the Y. M. C. A. this afternoon? We will have an address for men only," said a Plainfield man to a New York visitor last Sunday.

"No," said the Manhattanite, "I'm wicked enough now."—*New York Evening Sun*.

HOTELS CHAMBERLIN and HYGEIA, Old Point Comfort, Va.
 Picturesque surroundings. Hotels Chamberlin and Hygeia.

"DEAR," said the fond mother, "I must punish you for disobeying my orders." "Please, ma," said the little one, "may I go to my room first?" "Yes," consented the parent, and she cautiously followed her first-born upstairs. There Robert was kneeling by his bed and his mother heard him say: "Dear Lord, if you ever wanted to help a little fellow in trouble, now's your chance." The whipping was indefinitely postponed.—*Evening Sun*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

God has given the poet an imagination so that he can have the pleasure of thinking of things he would do if he had money.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Is it easy to fall into the New York ways?"
 "Oh, yes; the subways."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

AMONG THE STARS.

Every American should read THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS for August. It will contain a wonderful article on Dr. Brooks and his family of comets. The article is entitled "A Journey Among the Stars," and is from the pen of one of New York's gifted sons, Mr. Frank W. Mack, for years Eastern Manager of the Associated Press. It is full of dramatic interest, is illustrated and tells a marvelous story. THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS will be sent to any address in the United States, or any of its possessions, free, on receipt of five cents for single copy, or 50 cents for the year; or it will be sent to any country in the postal union on receipt of ten cents per single copy, or \$1.00 for the year. Address THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS, Grand Central Station, New York.

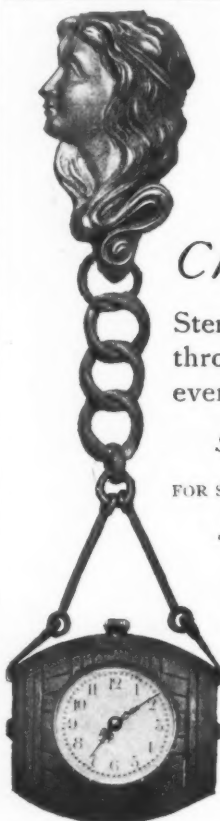
THEY have found the place where Tracey, the convict-murderer, was last seen.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

HOTELS CHAMBERLIN and HYGEIA, Old Point Comfort, Va.
 Sea views. Pleasant excursions.

"It is perhaps natural, after all, that women should always be late in keeping their appointments. Eve didn't arrive until Adam had been in the garden quite a while."

—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

NEW ENGLAND Belt Watches



One of
the styles
we make
for

*Ladies'
Chatelaines*

Sterling silver
throughout and
every detail perfect

Soft Gray Finish

FOR SALE BY ALL JEWELERS

*Send for our
BELT*

BOOKLET

We show
NINE styles
of these
watches

ACTUAL SIZE

New England Watch Co.

NEW YORK CITY . . . 37-39 Maiden Lane
 CHICAGO, ILL. . . . 131 Wabash Ave.
 SAN FRANCISCO . . . Spreckels Building

L. Garnier

THIS SIGNATURE APPEARS
TWICE ON THE LABEL OF
EVERY BOTTLE OF

Chartreuse
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

MOST ANCIENT AND GLORIOUS
OF ALL KNOWN CORDIALS;
MADE FOR CENTURIES BY THE
MONKS OF LA GRANDE CHAR-
TREUSE MONASTERY, NEAR
GRENOBLE, FRANCE—A RELIGIOUS
ORDER ESTABLISHED IN
THE YEAR 1084.

A GLASS OF THIS DELICIOUS
NECTAR IS THE MOST REFINED
AND SATISFACTORY TERMINA-
TION POSSIBLE TO ANY FEAST.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes,
 Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
 Sole Agents for United States.

Redmond, Kerr & Co. } **Dealers in
HIGH GRADE
INVESTMENT
SECURITIES.**

BANKERS,
 41 WALL ST., N. Y.
 232 La Salle St., Chicago.
 Philadelphia:
GRAHAM, KERR & CO.
 Transact a Gen-
 eral Foreign and
 Domestic Bank-
 ing Business.

ISSUE LETTERS OF CREDIT
 in Sterling, Francs, Marks or Dollars, payable
 in all parts of the world.

The Ideal Route . . .

To CALIFORNIA

To MEXICO

To THE ORIENT

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

TO ALL PACIFIC COAST POINTS

Steamers San Francisco to Hawaii, Japan, China and Manila

\$67 ROUND TRIP RATE NEW YORK TO CALIFORNIA

Address for literature and information

L. H. NUTTING, General Eastern Passenger Agent,

349 BROADWAY, 1 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK.

E. O. McCORMICK, P. T. M.,
 San Francisco, Cal.

S. F. B. MORSE, A. P. T. M.,
 Houston, Tex.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

The lather of Williams' Shaving Stick acts like rich cream to the hot or irritated face. It is soothing, comforting, refreshing, and antiseptic, and makes shaving really enjoyable.

Price, Twenty-five Cents, of all Druggists.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY



The good appearance of man or woman implies a smooth, clear skin. The desired look of immaculate freshness results from using

Woodbury's Facial Soap



A skin soap. Frees the pores from impurities, preserves the velvety texture, makes the complexion smooth, firm, white. Mild, healing, antiseptic. At all dealers. 25 cents.

Trial size package of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Cream for 5 cents to pay postage.
The Andrew Jergens Co., Sole Agts., Dept. 55, Cincinnati, O.

EVANS



To Enjoy Life



ALE

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for itching, nail, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept an imitation. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Oh, What Rest and Comfort!"

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



for After Shaving.

A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25 cts. Avoid harmful imitations. Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

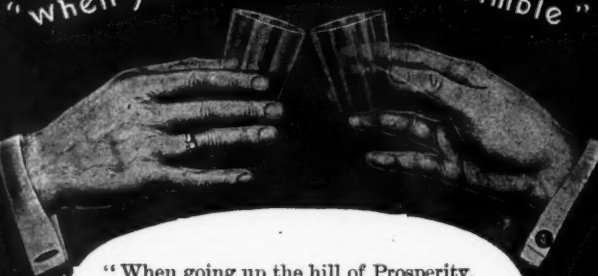
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS AND RESTAURANTS.

ABBOTT'S THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"When going up the hill of Prosperity, May you never meet any friend coming down."

A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.
At All First-Class Dealers.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York
ESTABLISHED 1793.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 234 William St., N. Y.



Eden

The superior

Imported Cigar

smoked by fashionable men. Owing to the favor with which our brands have been received by the English aristocracy, we earned the honor of being appointed to make the cigars for the Official and Royal Banquets at the Coronation of H. M.

King Edward VII.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

CALIXTO LOPEZ & CO.

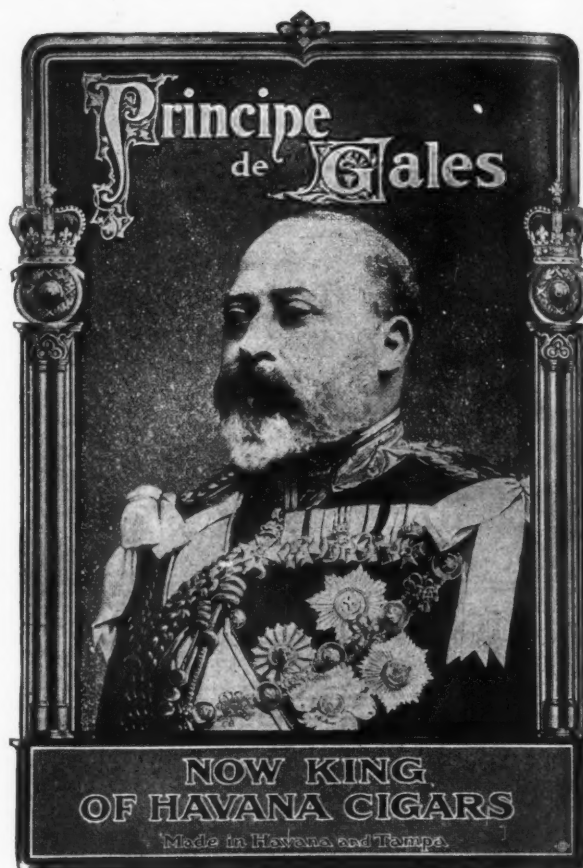
177 Pearl St., New York. Zulueta St., Havana.



THE BRUTE!

Stage-struck wife (who is going to appear in private theatricals): YOU KNOW, JOHN. DEAR, I DON'T THINK I quite LIKE APPEARING IN TIGHTS. WHATEVER WILL PEOPLE SAY?

John, dear (regarding his wife's figure): THAT I MARRIED YOU FOR YOUR MONEY.
—Moonshine.



THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them **THE PERFECT COCKTAILS** that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The **ORIGINAL** of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the **CLUB COCKTAILS**, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

Belfast Mesh

Linen Underwear That Wears

We guarantee that Belfast Mesh will wear to the satisfaction of the purchaser or will cheerfully refund your money. It is the ideal underwear.

Send for our handsome and convincing book—mailed free on request. It explodes the "wool for warmth" theory in short order.

For sale by the best dealers in U. S. and England. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

THE BELFAST MESH UNDERWEAR CO.
336 Mechanic Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Racing At Saratoga

From August 4 to August 28
INCLUSIVE
Season of 1902

No gentleman interested in the turf can afford to miss this meeting, representing, as it does, the cream of racing interests in this country.

THE SARATOGA RACING ASSOCIATION will spare no efforts to make the success of this season—already assured—the most pronounced in the annals of the "King's Sport."

◀ BIG EVENTS ▶

August 14, The Kenner
August 16, U. S. Hotel—2-year olds
August 19, The Merchants and Citizens
August 23, Saratoga Cup